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monsters at night have more definite content. This is consonant with the fact that the Kaingáng have devoted much more interest and imagination to the elaboration of the fearful aspects of their supernatural world than to the benign.

With Ketédn's simple vision of Toad compare the following horrible dream that Vomblé had of the *ngĝiyúdn* before Véye died: "I was the first one to see that the *ngĝiyúdn* ate Véye. I saw the *ngĝiyúdn* come with Véye. I saw that they were going to kill him, and I said to them, 'Why do you want to kill Véye?' But they said nothing. Then they said, 'He is a pig.' 'It is Véye [said Vomblé]; I used to go around with him.' They took hoes and led Véye off. I said, 'Leave him alone.' But they killed Véye with hoes. 'Why did you kill him?' 'It is a pig.' 'It is a human being, and it is taboo for you to eat it.' They seized his feet and tore him apart. I protected him. I thought I was dreaming. They put salt on him and ate him. When they ate him, it was taboo. I almost vomited. 'Come and eat [they said], it is like tapir's marrow.' But it was capavary.[33] Then I vomited and sat up. I ate dirt and almost vomited. Next day I told Véye, 'They roasted your ribs with salt,' but Véye said I was lying. Three days later he died."

Horror and the impulses to murder and cannibalism which the Kaingáng constantly and compulsively express are much more congenial to their imagination than the warm relationships with beneficent spirits of the natural world. It is true that guardian spirits are often mentioned in Kaingáng folklore, but most frequently simply as incidents in a murder tale. Stories whose central theme is a relationship with a guardian spirit are extremely rare. Being "shown" a spirit was as simple an experience as seeing it oneself. One day while an Indian was out with someone who had been seeing a spirit, the shaman would say to him casually, "Go over there and shoot those howler monkeys," and always after that the Indian would see supernatural Howler Monkey and find howler monkeys very easily. Such an experience might be accompanied by darkness and wind, but generally it was not.

"Yokégn was a shaman. He saw Fish and Wasp. He went hunting, and when he came back, he said to his wife: 'Let us go to the fish I saw. I'm going to get some for them [the children].' So his wife emptied a basket and carried it along with her. When they reached the spot, the water was shallow and there were some [fish] in it. Then he said to her, 'Come over here and have a look.' When she approached, she saw its men[34] in there. She stood there looking, and at last, he [her husband] asked, 'Did you see?' 'Yes,' she replied. 'Let us go now to the other fish that one eats all the time. They are good. Catch some of them.' So she took her basket and entered [the stream]. The shallow water came toward her in waves. She put her

[33] An amphibious rodent (*hydrochoerus capybara*) two feet long and twenty inches high.
[34] Fish in anthropomorphic form.

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fellows was a certain awe while he was alive and dread when he was dead. 756
Almost anywhere in North America, the ethnologist may obtain for the asking stories of shamans with great powers to cure, even where he does not learn the esoteric lore accompanying them. Among the Kaingáng such [539] stories do not exist at all. After diligent questioning, one does find out that Chu used to cure people, and that once Kemblén treated Klendó and he recovered; but supernatural healing was not a theme that the culture elaborated.

Kemblén was one of those rare individuals about whom supernatural influences seemed to cluster like lines of force about a magnet. He had lost an arm because of his refusal of power from Snake, who therefore bit him in anger. As he grew older he gradually accumulated the powers of Quatí, Monkey, Wind, and Fish, and in the end this was his undoing, for Quatí was out of sorts with him one day for some unknown reason, and he fell sick and died. Before he died, he showed two of his daughters, Anggló and Chantágn, his supernatural remedies. One day, after I had been among the Kaingáng for many months, Chantágn came to me, trembling with anxiety, and announced that for a price she would tell me about her father's medicine. There was no doubt about Chantágn's sincerity, and she was in real fear that her father might become aware of the fact that she was revealing his medicines and kill her. Although I ordinarily left windows open on the rare occasions when women were in my house, Chantágn's fear was so obvious and painful that I carefully closed all the doors and windows so that *nggïyúdn* could neither see nor hear what was going on, and prepared myself for a revelation.

At last, still trembling, Chantágn took out a little package wrapped in paper, unfolded it, and disclosed two plants, telling as she did so that one was to cure sickness in children and one was for sore eyes and that they should be pounded up and mixed with water. That was all—she asked her price and was prepared to leave. What a cold bath this experience was to me! For months I had been burrowing in search of just this kind of information with little success, and when at last Chantágn came to me straight from the source of power, I felt that surely now I should discover the real content of Kaingáng religion. I did, but it was little different from what I had known before. Naturally I questioned her. From her breathless replies in which one word stumbled on the heels of the next, I learned that Kemblén had received the medicines from Monkey when he was a *kēlų*:[18] "'Give it to your children,' said Monkey. 'Apply it to their sides. Let them lie on their backs on a robe.' He said to Howler Monkey: 'Give it to me. When I see that they are sick I shall get it for them.' Then Howler Monkey cleared the ground and showed it to him." To Chantágn the whole potency of the curing was in the herbs she sold me.

[18] Any male between the ages of thirty-five or forty is a *kēlų*.

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IX

Folklore

SOME COLLECTIONS OF FOLKTALES are not so much the tales that the folk tell as they are the tales that the investigator wished to hear. If he was interested in stories of celestial phenomena, he collected stories about the sun, moon, and stars; if he wished to trace the distribution of mythological plots over the world, he tried to unearth plots he already knew; if the student's interest was primarily religious his collection of myths included principally ritualistic tales. But the literature of any people is made up of *all* their tales, and no one can foresee in what part of the literature of a folk their fundamental motivations lie hidden. If a foreign student were to study only our religious tales, overlooking completely our novels, our humorous magazines, and the jokes and doggerel that pass from mouth to mouth among us, he would receive a false impression of our literature. Primitive folk also have different kinds of literature, and ethnologists should set themselves always to collect every tale they tell, without discrimination as to content. The Kaingáng are a striking example of a people who reveal all of the inner workings of their culture in one type of tale, while another type supplies little such insight. In plot content the latter is of the type one usually finds in collections of "mythology": the events move on the supernatural level or take place between animals that behave like human beings, or between human beings and animals with anthropomorphic characteristics. But the psychic structure of the Kaingáng is expressed constantly and clearly in an entirely different order of tale. It *is* in the story of feuds and murder that the Kaingáng reveal the dominating drives in their life. The feud tales, however, are always close to earth; feud happenings take place in the human world, not in the supernatural; and the actors in them are human. The occasional references to supernatural

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539 events in these tales are purely incidental to the development of the murder plot—they are never the main theme.

These bloody stories are never quoted in an effort to validate or explain any form of behavior. They may have served as a kind of depository of gruesome knowledge from which an aspiring murderer could gain many useful hints. They are full of descriptions of treachery and in general provide a background of detailed information relative to the execution of mass and individual murder. These bits of information are not sanctions, for feud tales are never quoted in order to validate particular murders; if these murder stories are sanctions then Machiavelli's *Prince* is a sanction. Kaingáng feud stories are direct expressions of the fear-wish-to-kill-guilt obsession that drives them constantly to acts of violence and panic. Events that occur in these tales are never cited as examples of behavior in the light of which other similar types of behavior may be explained or justified. It is quite different in the case of the Kaingáng origin myths, however. The origin myths are referred to to explain food taboos and observances associated with body paint designs. But the body paint scheme is of small importance in Kaingáng culture, and the food taboos are not dynamic. Thus the origin myths give sanction to institutions that are of small importance to the Kaingáng. The most important function of these myths is seen in 539 the game of *wainyékládn*, in which two men sit opposite each other and 544 shout the myths at each other, syllable by syllable, very rapidly, while they swing their bodies back and forth to the rhythm of their shouting. One man shouts a syllable, and the second man repeats it; then the first man says the second syllable, and the second man repeats it. If the origin myth begins, "When Wanyekí heard that many people were coming . . .", the men (A and B) playing *wainyékládn* shout as follows:

A shouts	and then	*B shouts*
When		When
Wa		Wa
nye		nye
kí		kí
heard		heard,

And so on to the end, the syllables separated minutely in a way that is a joy to a linguist pursuing the elusive structure of the Kaingáng syllable. The game of *wainyékládn* is played by two friends and serves no purpose other than that of drawing two people together. There are no stakes, and no goal is set. No one is downed, and no one triumphs.

539 Ruth Benedict has shown[1] how a people may express the drives that are dynamic in their own culture through the medium of widespread mytho-

[1] *Zuni Mythology*, Introduction. Columbia University Contributions to Anthropology, v. 21.

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logical plots which they borrow and rework and reset to their own ends. 539
The Kaingáng, however, have shown a striking reluctance to use outside material for the expression of their cultural interests. Those very stories that are widely distributed in the Americas show, in their Kaingáng versions, an almost complete freedom from the gloomy and blood-curdling attitudes that characterize the tales which the Kaingáng have developed themselves and which have not been recorded for other tribes. But these gloom-free stories do not even express consistently the lighter side of the Kaingáng character—its love of laughter and sex-play, its fondness for physical relationships and love of children. This does not mean, of course, that there is nothing of Kaingáng culture in them. But one may search in vain through all these myths for a consistent expression of motives that are dynamic in the Kaingáng culture. On the other hand, even a person completely ignorant of the culture could win from the feud tales a clear idea of what was driving it over the precipice.

It is impossible to tell how many of the tales of murder are purely imaginative creations and how many reflect actual happenings, though there can be no doubt that many of them do this; for stories of massacres in which great-grandparents of my informants are known to have been actors are told in the same way as tales of events which took place hundreds of years ago. In telling these massacre tales no attempt is made to connect them with later events. They exist of themselves, and the Kaingáng never try to unite them in historic sequence. No nexus of events is attempted further back than the fifth generation. As far as that point everything is joined in an orderly succession of well-understood happenings. But beyond that memory does not go, and it is this break between the fifth and sixth generations and even to some extent within the fifth generation itself that marks the limit of history and the beginning of folklore. Some of these murder tales may be fantasies, but the events that occur in them have such peculiarly specific quality and give one such a feeling of their necessity and uniqueness in the particular situation that it is hard to resist the conclusion that many of them are historical.

In Kaingáng folklore there is little of that building up of tales from separate plot elements that is so common elsewhere in primitive literature. Every murder tale and almost all of the stories containing plots that are widely distributed are told as fixed units. The differences that occur are between the well-told and the badly-told tale, not between the tale that is constructed out of one set of motifs and that which is formed out of another.

The Kaingáng have a clear idea of a period long ago when a number of events happened: their ancestors came out of the sea and over the mountains to the west then, and it was at that time that the animals had their

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539 war and tricks were played on the tiger. If at times they place Vomblé or Kanggúin or Mumbégn[2] back in that era it is not because they feel that these men were active in the happenings of those times but because they all existed so very long ago. Actually there is nothing mythological in their conception of these three men who played such an active part in their history[3]—they are never thought of as having given the world its present shape, nor did they ever war with supernatural monsters. They are real men from whom people of flesh and blood have descended. The named but shadowy men of the origin myths, on the contrary, have no existence outside of the stories in which they move. Descent is never traced to them, and their memory has little effect on the lives of the present-day Kaingáng.

The Murder Tales

1. The Quarrel of Kuikégn's Offspring

Kuikégn's children, Nduichó and Chukembégn, became angry with each other. Nduichó knocked his brother Chukembégn unconscious with his club. Then Nduichó said: "Am I useful *ndoyé*'s talking?[4] Now feel my weak arm!" Then Chukembégn fell. Probably Nduichó had seen the supernatural. Chukembégn recovered. He lay sick for a long time and at last healed completely. Then he came to Nduichó, and they fought. He knocked Nduichó unconscious. Chukembégn said: "I repeat what you said: 'Am I useful *ndoyé*'s talking? Let a strong man feel my weak arm!' " Then Kuikégn sat by his son, but Nduichó did not recover. Then he [Kuikégn] became angry. He took the double-barbed arrows of his dead ceremonial father,[5] rubbed them with something, and went in pursuit.

Now Payé was Kuikégn's affinal relative. Chukembégn had gone off with him [Payé], and Kuikégn went in pursuit. Probably the affinal relatives had been angry with Chukembégn. Kuikégn went after them to kill them. "I am angry because my child is dead," said he. He went to kill Chukembégn because he had killed his son. "My child died, and am I going to make my child suffer?" He was about to kill his own child. "I am going to kill Payé."[6]

It was night, and they were burning pine branches as they went along.

[2] These are the three ancestors of the extended family with which I lived.

[3] See p. 51, Chapter V.

[4] He is announcing his connection with the spirit of the *ndoyé* tree. The spirit of a thing is called its "talking." Spirits may be either benign or malevolent. When they are not malevolent (*kdlik ag*, not no good) they are benign or, as I have translated it, "useful." See p. 78, Chapter VI.

[5] His ceremonial father had died long before this story begins. Men sometimes carry the arrows of their dead relatives as mementoes.

[6] He decides to kill Payé, his relative by marriage, rather than his son.

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Payé was about to walk around with his little daughter Ukó when Kuikégn shot him in the arm with his double-barbed arrow. He threw the child down and ran out into the night ducking, but Kuikégn shot him in the ribs and the arrow ascended into the neck region. Kuikégn took the child and returned to camp. 539

Payé's wife was Yokó. Kuikégn said, "Let Yokó take her child which they threw away and which I am carrying and pour some water into its mouth." So Yokó took her and went to look for Payé and Chukembégn. She did not see him and she came back enraged at Kuikégn. He said nothing. [Then Kuikégn said,] "Yokó is not here. She is looking for her husband all over. *nyungnyélé* is dead, so while her husband was unconscious he [the husband] was killed." Next day she saw him [her husband]. He was long dead, and his blood came out of his mouth. She brought him back. She became angry with her *yúgn*, Kuikégn. He said nothing. At last Payé and Nduichó came to.[1]

Nandjaví had cut Payé open to take out the arrow. He thrust in his hand. The arrow had come up along the heart. He lifted up his feet as he lay so the blood came out. He took out the clotted blood from the heart with his hand, and he recovered. They never died then, but nowadays they die.

The picture of disruption is frequently intensified in Kaingáng folklore through making the relationships within which the conflicts and murders take place much closer than they have been in reality. In the story that has just been told the initial quarrel is between blood brothers. It ends in the father's murdering his daughter's husband and the daughter's turning against her own father.

In the following tale the motive behind the initial violence is just as obscure as in the story of Kuikégn's offspring.

2. Thechá or the Burning Fire

Dramatis Personae

Thechá's Group	*Kuichó's Group*
Kundégn	
Thuñ, *relative by marriage of Kundégn*	Ukó, *mother of Kuichó*
Kanyahé, *relative by marriage of Kundégn*	Mbliktó, *son of Kuichó*
Piké	Padnmbá
Thekplégn, *son of Thechá*	Laktógn
Tondóin	Koyivádn
	Kapñli

[1] In the first paragraph of this story the informant described Nduichó as dead, but here he has come to life. This is an inconsistency that may be understood better from the last sentence of this story.

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537 Kuichó had seen *Véin*. Now when Thechá of the Burning Fire was old, Kuichó threw him to *Véin*,[8] and the latter ate him and he lay dying. Now when he lay dying he said to his children: "When I am dead kill Ukó's children. I took care of them, but they never give me anything of what they kill; and now that I am dying they will be alive." So Thechá's children and Kundágn and his in-law Thulí all went to Kuichó and his children.

The ones[9] who were living far away invited them to a festa. When they arrived Kuichó was walking around boasting to his son Mbliktó: *"Ko tei ko tei he pi,*[10] I sent Véin up my old father's rectum!"[11] Piké[12] was watching, and when he heard this he said to himself: "If it hadn't been for Thekplégn's father, Kuichó would not be here. He has killed old *yûgn!"* Then he went away weeping.

Piké told the children of Thechá, and Piké helped them because Kuichó had killed the man whom Piké called *yûgn*.

Now Kundágn and his in-law Kanyahé were on their way to kill them[13] when Kuichó's offspring went looking for honey. Kuichó was sitting beside the trail leading through the savannah when he saw Kundágn and Kanyahé coming along in the distance. He sat there watching them come along and then went back. When he reached his children he said to them, "Kundágn and Kanyahé arrived here and went away!" When they heard this they said, "They are coming to kill us!" So they constructed a platform above themselves within their house and remained beneath it.

Next day Kundágn came into their house and struck Padnmbá on the back through the floor, and he fell out in the darkness and went away on all fours. Then Kundágn shouted after him, "You are always becoming a man for men;[14] so I am going to kill you! You always set women on the tops of their heads[15] and become a man!" That is what he said to him. Then he killed Laktógn and went away. After he had killed him he said: "The deuce! I have killed Laktógn who never did the same[16] as the man,[17] and I am angry."

[8] A supernatural monster. See Chapter VI, p. 71.

[9] Kuichó's group.

[10] His nêkl̨. See Chapter VIII, p. 115.

[11] Like Yóin, Véin devours people's hearts. He thrusts his hand up the rectum and cuts out the heart. See Chapter VI, p. 70.

[12] This member of Thechá's group had been living with Kuichó.

[13] Kuichó's children.

[14] "You are always dangerous to us."

[15] Copulate from behind, the woman on all fours, her head toward the ground; hence, on her head.

[16] Was never *sunkayá*.

[17] Padambá.

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Then he went away. He reached camp. He kept worrying about it until he at last went to them and killed Koyivádn and Kapíli.

While Kuichó was lying awake Kundágn and his affinal relative, Kanyahé, went to watch them, [and as they crept along] their lance-heads struck together. [When Kuichó heard it he said:] "Death! If the folks[18] could kill me their hearts would come out!"[19] It was night, and Kuichó said to his offspring: "I heard the noise the folks made! They are near me!" So they all went out into the darkness.

Now Kundágn's old mother was lying on her back, with her knees drawn up at the entrance to a house near the fire; and when Kundágn dashed into the house he struck her. She became frightened and said: "*E!* Kundágn, it is I!" Then he said: "Mother, are the folks here?" "Yes," said she, for she had been asleep and had not noticed them go. Then Kundágn walked around there. Then they threw on the fire bundles of bamboo that the others had been drying for arrows. By its light Kundágn saw Kapíli standing in the doorway waving his club and called to his in-law Kanyahé, "In-law, the Kapíli we have been looking for is here!" Then he[20] leaped at him[21] and struck him and he[21] fell, and he struck him again. Then he[20] walked about the house singing. Koyivádn was kneeling against the wall of the house waving his club, and Kundágn called out, "In-law, the Koyivádn we came in here looking for is there!" Then he[20] leaped forward and was going to strike Koyivádn, but Koyivádn also tried to hit him and waved his club before him. Then he [Koyivádn] struck Kundágn with his club. He tried to strike Kundágn on the head, but he turned his head aside and the blow landed on Kundágn's neck. He staggered and fell on one knee. Koyivádn was going to hit him again. Kundágn's eyes were glazed, and he waved his hands in front of himself; and Koyivádn struck him repeatedly on the hands until he came to and stood up. Then Kundágn struck Koyivádn's club and knocked it out of his hands and struck him on the head. He struck him again and walked about singing. Then he said, "In-law, let's go!" Now Koyivádn's relatives were waiting for Kundágn at the entrance with drawn bows, and when he dashed out they shot at him, but he ducked and dashed away.

Next day he went on toward the fence.[22] He reached it, but his people had gone away during his absence. He remained there with his in-law Kanyahé and with Tondúin. Koyivádn and his people pursued him, and

[18] The term *nyénjé* indicates relationship.

[19] They would be delighted.

[20] Kundágn.

[21] Kapíli.

[22] Anciently, the Kaingáng say, they lived in fenced communities.

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when they reached the fence they shot at him. Kundágn's in-law would step outside to shoot at them, and Kundágn would say: "Stop! I can't move my hands, and if they kill you they'll kill me too!" But he paid no attention and kept on going outside to shoot until he himself was shot. Then Kundágn said to him: "The deuce! I said to him: 'Stop! If they shoot you they'll kill me with you!' But that one paid no attention and kept on going outside to them until now he is shot!" Then the others burnt the house down. They stayed inside until it was being consumed, and at last Kundágn said to his affinal relative, "Affinal relative, let's go out!" At last they went out and were killed.

In the meanwhile the house they had burnt in order to kill Tondúin fell on him, and he lay there silent, half dead. When he saw them go he went away. His back was all roasted.

Kundágn's hands had been beaten and crushed by Koyivádn. They were swollen, and he walked around with his arrow lying useless in the bow. Therefore he could not avenge himself.

A characteristic of this type of tale is its amoral, reportorial character: individuals commit murder, revenge is wreaked, and finally the avengers themselves are killed. The facts are told in perfect plot sequence without comment and without taking sides. An individual searching them for clues to proper behavior in given situations would almost always be confused, for although it is true in Kaingáng folklore that whenever a son kills his father or brother he too is killed, all murders whatsoever are avenged in folklore. In Kaingáng folklore suggestions regarding murders one must not commit are rare. Indeed, the stories describe murders that I have not been able to duplicate in the historical content of Kaingáng society. The actual Kaingáng at least draw the line at parents and full siblings, but the Kaingáng of folklore exploit these very relationships in murderous behavior. The only function I am able to see in the folk-tale murder of fathers and siblings is either the purely literary one of intensifying the affect or the more sinister one of giving expression to a deep-rooted desire to annihilate the closest relatives.

Like so many Kaingáng stories the tale of Thechá of the Burning Fire begins with an unexplained quarrel. "They were angry and they fought," or "they wanted to kill them and they invited them to a festa," is a characteristic opening. Whence springs this impulse to destruction? Why is everybody angry? The Kaingáng themselves do not search for reasons, for murder and rage are as much part of their lives as the tapirs they kill and the houses they build.

The second story reproduces some of the scenes of the ancient life of the

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Kaingáng: their savannah dwelling-place and their large beehive-shaped houses with doorways. The device of building a false floor is known to me only in this context. The beehive-shaped house which the Kaingáng once built for me to illustrate their old life had no floor.

The repeated panic-stricken flights of Kuichó's offspring in the face of two or three lone warriors is easily understood in terms of the characteristic Kaingáng flight in the face of an aggressive act. When the Kaingáng are attacked they run unless they are driven into a corner where they have to fight.

Kundágn's anger after he had dispatched Laktógn was not based on any feeling he had for him. Kundágn was angry because he was frightened. He had let someone escape who would certainly some day come to avenge the death of his relative, "So he kept worrying about it until he went and killed Koyivádn and Kapíli."

The first thing that Kundágn did when he returned to continue the annihilation of Thechá's murderers was to strike his own mother. This was an accident due to the darkness, and the character of the accident is significant for the understanding of the relationship between the two groups. Kundágn's mother was living with Kuichó's group, a sign that there was no profound break in social relationships between the two groups of people.

There are pointers in this story for future homicides. A good way to light up a house is to throw into the fire the dry bamboo arrow-shafts that are always stuck in the roof of every house. The thing to do during an attack is for a man to wait outside his own house while murderers are within and to shoot them when they come out; it is much safer than engaging in the hand-to-hand struggle that becomes inevitable in the interior. Kaingáng myth is indeed the repository of tribal lore—regarding how to slaughter kinsmen.

Kundágn's reaction to the wounding of his in-law was not sorrow but anger because his in-law's zeal had brought about his injury and left Kundágn crippled, with only one protector instead of two.

The story that follows treats of actual events that took place some five or six generations back. It is told precisely like a folktale, and though its principal character, Yokégn, is an historical figure well known to the present-day Kaingáng, the events in which he took part are not joined historically to preceding or succeeding events.

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5373. Yokégn Kills Pandjumbúgn and the Latter's Son-in-Law, Kuikégn

Dramatis Personae

Yokégn and

His kíq

Ketédn, *son-in-law of Yokégn*
Waichúgn, *Ketédn's wife*
Waimogué, *Ketédn's wife*
Thanggié, *Yokégn's wife and Waichúgn's mother*
Tombá, *Yokégn's wife*
Thulí, Thegnadádn, Chuktódn, Tavádn, Waivuktí, Yunggukthí } *affinal relatives of Ketédn*

Kuikégn and

His kíq

Kaklíli, Anggió } *wives of Kuikégn; daughters of Pandjumbúgn*

Yukúin, *son of Kuikégn*
Yupió, *son of Kuikégn*

Others

Pandjumbúgn
Kavá
Padnmbá
Padnmbá's wife
Chantágn, *Pandjumbúgn's wife*
Koikambégn, *Chantágn's infant son*

Ketédn went hunting and lost the trail. He slept. He wandered around lost. They went to look for him but did not find him. Ketédn's wives were Waichúgn and Waimogué. His wives thought he had died and went away in their widow's isolation. Then they cut their hair. Then Pandjumbúgn lived with Waichúgn and Waimogué.

Ketédn wandered around lost until he reached a different camp.

Ketédn fought with the Brazilians alone and killed four while he was lost. They were clearing a field. He took four axes. On his way back he met Kavá, who was with his offspring. Kavá went around with Padnmbá. When Kavá asked Ketédn for an axe he gave him one.

After a while Kavá became angry with him. Probably Ketédn copulated with Kavá's wife. It [the quarrel] happened at a festa. Ketédn went away taking Kavá's axe because the latter had become angry with him. Then Padnmbá said to his [own] wife, "Go after your relative and let him give you one of his axes." So she went. She shouted after him, "Wait for me!" He heard her cry and waited for her. When she caught up to him she said, "*Nyungnyén*,[28] I have come after you for one of your axes." He rested with her. Then they mourned because he was going alone. She pitied him,

[28] Relative. See kinship terms, Appendix II.

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and said, "A tiger may kill you. When you go, and a tiger does not kill you, keep a look-out for me." She gave him her robe which she had brought along. It was new. Then he gave her an axe and she said, "*Nyungnyén*, take my robe and lie on it." He gave her an axe and went.

When he reached his relatives' camp his wives were living with Pandjumbúgn. Then Ketédn lived with them. He gave an axe to his wife's father, Yokégn. He said to his mother-in-law, "Thangglé, my *mbē*, get the bamboo I cut to make arrows with." She was Waichúgn's mother. He had two bamboo sticks.

He went to Yokégn with an axe, and Yokégn stood up and came to meet him, saying: "*Ai!* What is this? Gone for a long time and comes back carrying something? You threw away my children, and now you come back giving me something!" He was saying that he was going to be given something. "Ketédn, make beer for me with this axe!" He gave him all his axes. He kept his relative's robe and his own knife.

After a while Pandjumbúgn became angry because Ketédn lived with his wives. Pandjumbúgn left the two women when Ketédn arrived. Pandjumbúgn had no wives. Several days after Ketédn arrived Pandjumbúgn made a trough for Yokégn and made beer in it. Ketédn's in-laws, Thulí, Thegnndádn, Chuktídn, Tavádn, Waivukté, and Yunggukthí went on a somewhat long hunting trip, sleeping away from camp. Now Pandjumbúgn intended to kill them single-handed. He did not go with them. They shot tapirs and pigs and came back carrying the tapirs on large carrying-frames. When they arrived in the dance place they threw them down, and Thulí said to Pandjumbúgn, "Untie my frame." Then they held a festa. In the meanwhile he untied the frames. They took off the meat and gave it to the people. Pandjumbúgn gave meat to Thulí, Thegnndádn, and the others.

Yunggukthí came to the beer and drank some from a wax-lined basket. Waichúgn came behind him and took the basket from his hand. She took some beer, drank, and joked with him. When Pandjumbúgn saw this he came over and took the basket from her hand. Then Pandjumbúgn became angry with Ketédn and Yunggukthí and fought with them. He also became angry with Thulí, Thegnndádn, Tavádn, and Chuktídn. Yokégn was protecting them with his club so that Pandjumbúgn was unable to strike anyone. Then Yokégn became angry, and Pandjumbúgn stopped. Yokégn was going to talk to them. Pandjumbúgn looked at Yokégn and said: "I'll beat you! When men are angry with me I tear the clubs from their hands and beat them. I'll beat you." When Yokégn heard this he became angry and hit Pandjumbúgn and said, "*Now* beat me!" Pandjumbúgn fell. They danced around him, and when he did not sit up they hit him again and he died. Pandjumbúgn was the son of Nandjaví. When

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537 they saw [that he had died] they stopped and Yokégn said to his offspring: "You don't have to be afraid of me, folks. Set the poor fellow out in the burning-place." So they took him up and set him in the dance ground, and he died there. They burnt him there. They stopped drinking their beer.

Yokégn said to his offspring, "Pour out the poor fellow's beer for me." He was going to dance. "I wonder whether he'll make some more for me." He was saying that since he had been killed he would not make beer for him [Yokégn] again. They poured out the beer for Yokégn alone. The others did not dance. His offspring sat near him. Yokégn drank it all up alone because Pandjumbúgn would never make beer for him again.

One day before Pandjumbúgn was killed Waimogué went for wood. Pandjumbúgn came to her on his way hunting. When she saw him she went away, and Pandjumbúgn became angry, [saying] "So that's the way you treat me, eh?" But she went. Probably she told Ketédn. He [Pandjumbúgn] was telling her that he was going to kill her husband and live with her. She referred to what Pandjumbúgn had said to her.

Later Yokégn saw Pandjumbúgn's son-in-law Kuikégn. Kuikégn had married Pandjumbúgn's daughters Kaklíli and Anggló. Yokégn went along the old trail with his offspring, and Kuikégn was coming along in the other direction. Yokégn went along the trail early in the morning, and Kuikégn came to meet him. While they were resting there together Kuikégn's people came along and also Yokégn's offspring. Then Yokégn told Kuikégn of how he almost died of hunger.[24] "I was hungry and went hunting. I went on and was so nearly dead from hunger that I was retching. When I reached Thangglé [his wife] I said to her, 'Do not do anything for me.'[25] So she made palm-pith cakes and gave me fern shoots and I ate them and vomited. I was sick. Then Tombá [another wife] cooked some of the pine nuts she had kept in her odds-and-ends basket for her pet parrot, and I drank the liquor and became well. If it hadn't been for that I should have died. If I had died of hunger the others would have ridiculed me.

"The next day there was a big river. I swam it and on the other side there was some fern [which I ate]. As I went further I saw some young palms and I did the same thing.[26] As I was coming along I saw some howler monkeys, and I put aside my wooden arrows and took my iron ones. I shot a male. In the meanwhile it had started to pour; so I ran until I reached the edge of the river, and it had risen a great deal. Then I stood

[24] I have introduced a long section from another version of the same story in order to give a more complete view of the character of the detail that is incorporated into these stories

[25] This may mean "I brought nothing home; so there is nothing to do."

[26] Ate the palm shoots.

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on the edge shouting, 'Throw me to the other side!' Then I tied up the monkeys and swam the river. Thangglé singed them and distributed the flesh. They ate it." [The informant adds: "When Pandjumbúgn heard his cry he cut a length of bamboo, and when Yokégn came along swimming he extended the bamboo toward him and dragged him out." The informant also adds the following: "Yokégn shot a deer and she [his wife] roasted it. Then she gave Pandjumbúgn a leg and put another leg and part of the back in a basket and hung it up. Then Pandjumbúgn's wife Chantágn took her son and stood on one leg so that she could hold the other in front of her vagina. She was standing without a robe, for she had put it over her husband with whom she had been lying; so she was standing without anything [on]. Now Thangglé was lying there looking at her [and said under her breath], 'What fool is eating the piece I set aside for them [my children] after having divided it up among the others?' Thangglé was talking because Chantágn had stolen her meat. Thus she would tear off a strip of meat and put it in her child's mouth. That is all. Yokégn shot a deer. When Pandjumbúgn was sick Yokégn treated him, and when he recovered he killed him."]

"In the meanwhile the river rose.[37] A line of bamboo had been stretched across, and that is why Pandjumbúgn's wife Chantágn's son Koikambégn, whom she was carrying, was almost killed there. The others would float holding on to the bamboo and letting their bodies stretch out downstream, but she floated upstream and was swung under it [the bamboo]. Therefore her husband said to Yokégn, "The one whose hair is gray at the temples is drowning!" So when she came to the surface Yokégn seized her. He was swimming toward her, and when he came alongside her she said, "My *kókli*,[38] I am carrying him [her son]." "Well, then, hold on to him well. I'm going to carry you along." So he carried her and swam along until he reached the shore. [When they reached land] her child's belly was distended with the water it had swallowed. So he turned it upside down and shook it until the water poured out of its mouth and it came to.

So he went on telling these things to Kuikégn until the latter said, "Where is Pandjumbúgn?" He hadn't told him anything about Pandjumbúgn; so he asked about him.[39] Yokégn laughed[40] because he remembered that he had killed Pandjumbúgn. He asked again for Pandjumbúgn, and Yokégn said, "Yukúin's father,[41] Pandjumbúgn wandered around

[37] The informant has put himself in the place of Yokégn and is now telling the story as if he were Yokégn.

[38] Ceremonial father. Often used merely as a courtesy term.

[39] End of insert.

[40] He laughs to reassure himself. The Kaingáng laugh in difficult situations in an effort to regain their emotional balance.

[41] Addressing Kuikégn as "Father of So-and-so."

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over there. When Ketédn was lost we thought he had died; so we ignored him. In the meanwhile Pandjumbúgn's relatives were killed by another group of his own people. They tried to kill him at night. He ran out at night, and they burnt torches in pursuit of him. He had gone without lance or bow. He became thin." Then he saw Yokégn, and Yokégn fed him.[22] Yokégn had killed an anteater for him, and he ate it. It was fat. Then he recovered. When he became well he lived with Ketédn's wives. "Pandjumbúgn was lost and arrived [in our camp]. I fed him, and he became well. He went around with me, and when Ketédn was lost he lived with his wives. Then Ketédn came back and lived with the women. When Pandjumbúgn saw this he wanted to kill me. When I saw this I became afraid, and I killed him. Now you have heard all about it." He stopped talking after a while. They camped there. At sunset Kuikégn mourned: "Now in vain have my spouse and I been bearing fine meat looking for the poor thing who we thought was still alive!" After a while he stopped. He became angry. At night he probably said to his wife, "I'm going to kill them at night." At night they slept, but Yokégn's wife lay awake and watched. Kuikégn sat up and took his lance, and Kuikégn's wife Kaklíli seized his lance. Yokégn's wife woke him and said, "My *kókló* almost killed you." Yokégn got up and watched all night.

Kuikégn's son Yuplú was knocking down a tree for troughs. Yokégn said, "What fell?" Kuikégn answered, "Yuplú is knocking down trees for troughs." Before he made the troughs he said to Yokégn's offspring, "Make troughs for me, folks; I'm going to make beer in them for you." So Chuktídn, Thegnndádn, Thulí, Tavádn, and Ketédn went. Yuplú's trough was big. First one and then another helped and by midday it was finished. They cleared a space and made a place for it. Yuplú said, "Go out and get honey for me, folks." Tavádn, Chuktídn, Thulí, Thegnndádn, and Ketédn went; but Yokégn did not go. They brought back honey and mixed it in the troughs. The following day they went for more. Four days later they drank it.

Ketédn came with beer, and so did Yunggukthí. The others were dancing. As Ketédn came to drink beer Kuikégn was going to stab him, when Kuikégn's wife seized the lance. She did this because she was afraid that if he killed anyone they would kill him. Then Kaklíli followed Ketédn and said, "Kuikégn almost killed you." At last the beer became exhausted. It was not the baby-blackening. Kuikégn wanted to kill Ketédn. When there was no more beer they stopped [dancing].

Early next morning they all went away. They slept. Early next day they heard Yuplú knock down a tree for beer. "Who knocked down a tree?" Kuikégn replied, "Yuplú knocked down a tree to make a trough." Then

[22] The informant is no longer identifying himself with Yokégn.

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Yuplú called them to help again. They finished making it and placed it in a cleared space. They carried it—they carry[83] troughs. Then he sent them for honey and they went out to look for it. Tavádn, Chuktídn, Thegnndádn, and Thulí were sent. They followed Ketédn. They saw a young coconut tree and sucked it.[84] Later Yokégn followed them and caught up with them while they were eating.

Kuikégn was going to shoot them. He wanted to shoot them, but his wife prevented him. He became angry with her and beat her with his bow, saying, "Seeing that they want to kill me I was going to kill some of them, but since you like being mounted by them you are trying to defend them!" Then he went around them [where they were camped] and went away. He had gone after them and was about to shoot them, but his wife prevented him. Kuikégn took her robe and went away.

The others went on also. They saw him in the distance with his naked wife, and they followed him, saying, "There's another enemy!" They were worried by him; so they called him "enemy." When they caught up to him they said,[85] "*Ai*, the old fellow frightened me!" Then Kuikégn went with them.

They saw some howler monkeys on the pines and shot them. When Kuikégn heard this he was going over, but his wife restrained him; so he took his bow and went away. He beat her. Then he pierced a beehive, took it out, and came back. Kuikégn arrived in camp before them.

Yuplú came to the beer three days later. He called Thegnndádn, "Thegnndádn, come make a fiesta!" He went and began. Then they all came.

In the afternoon Yuplú stopped and went to the house. Yukúin and Kuikégn also went. They were about to become angry. Yokégn and his offspring continued. Then Kaklíli came to Thegnndádn and said: "Stop drinking the beer I made for my *nyungnyén* [Yukúin]. It will become exhausted." Yukúin had sent her to tell him this. She gave them drink and then went back. They did not stop but drank it all up. Then, probably, Yuplú said to her: "Go over there and talk about it. Strike the one who talks back, and I'll come over." He probably said this. So she went to them and said to Thegnndádn, "Stop drinking the beer; it will become exhausted." "I will not! I made it! Beer is made so that it may be drunk up!" When she heard this she struck him on the cheek. Thegnndádn cried, "*Hai!*" and said, "If men want to kill me let them come over and exchange

[83] This remark was for my benefit. I had only seen the Kaingáng push troughs along the ground.

[84] They chopped it down and pounded out the fibrous interior of the trunk, which yields a cool and refreshing juice when sucked.

[85] Not within Kuikégn's hearing.

blows with me!" Then Yuplú came over behind her. Thegnndádn did not see him come because he was looking at the woman. Yuplú was about to strike him when Thegnndádn raised his lance. The blade fell off from the shock and hit Thegnndádn on the head and he fell. Kuikégn came behind Yuplú with his bow. He aimed an arrow, but his wife seized his bow and took it out of his hands. She also took Yukúin's. Waivukté and Yunggukthí seized Yukúin. They began to fight with Yuplú. Kuikégn took his bow and lance. He shouted to his wife: "Kaklíli, give me something! I'm going to pay back with it!" Yokégn protected him.[36] Yokégn took Kuikégn's bow and arrows from him, and Yokégn's offspring seized Kuikégn; but Kuikégn continued his shouting. Kaklíli took the blade from the lance and gave Kuikégn the handle. He hit Yokégn in the thigh and cut his leg with the corner of the handle. Yokégn fell on one knee and sent his wife for embira to bind up his leg. She bound it around over the wound. Yunggukthí, Tavádn, and Waivukté captured Yukúin. Yunggukthí said to Waivukté: "Hold on to him! I'm going to take a look at Thegnndádn." He went to Thegnndádn, seized his hair, and raised his head. But Thegnndádn was unconscious. Then Yunggukthí said: "*Ai!* I'm going to kill him! He killed *yógn*." Thegnndádn was a child of Yunggukthí's father's [Yokégn's] relative. Then Kuikégn came over to Yunggukthí, still shouting, "Kaklíli, give me something to pay back with!" Yunggukthí hit Kuikégn on the head with his club. Thulí, Tavádn, Ketódn, and Chuktídn were fighting with Yuplú a little way off and they captured him. When Yunggukthí hit Kuikégn the former went to Yuplú. They were going to kill him.

Yokégn stood up and leaned on his lance. He wanted to go to Yuplú but could not. He called his offspring: "Let Yuplú alone, folks! He was *swikeyó* only through his father's instructions!" So they let him alone when they heard this. Yuplú's lance shaft was all broken, and he threw it away. He grasped a trough gouge[37] that was lying in the place where he had been making a trough and took the handle and fought with them until it broke and he had only a little piece left. Nevertheless he continued to protect himself with it. When they heard their *yógn* [Yokégn] they let Yuplú alone and came back with Yuplú. This is the Yuplú that [later] fought with Yokégn against Wanenggló. Yokégn said to Yuplú: "Yuplú, stop! I killed your father. If you become angry again I'll kill you! You were *swikeyó* through your father's instructions. Nevertheless the one I killed is there! Stop! Fix him up and lay him out. I defended him but when he struck me I killed him. Stretch him out in the burning-place."

[36] The conciliatory attitude of Yokégn throughout all this is striking.

[37] A trough gouge is a small, sharp piece of metal with a slender handle about five feet long.

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539 Thegnndádn recovered after a while, and Yuplú went around with them.

When Vomblé[88] was a young man he saw Kuikégn. Yokégn told this to Vomblé.

Then they burnt Kuikégn, and Yokégn said to Kuikégn's children, "Put the poor fellow in a clear space." He said to Kuikégn's children, "Don't be afraid of me. Put him in a clear space."

Then Yuplú went around with them. Yukúin had stopped when he was seized.

Later Wanenggló and his offspring saw them.

The general character of this tale, which is historical, is the same as that of the two preceding folklore examples; the theme, murder and revenge, is the same in all three. The third differs from the others principally in the amount of detail included by one informant.

The impulses that drive all these stories toward their bloody and disruptive ends are the emotional twins, anger and fear. In the third we learn that Kavá became angry with Ketédn because "*probably* Ketédn lay with Kavá's wife." This is a stock explanation, on a par with our own reasoning about stomach ache—"Probably he ate something." The real reason for the final break between Kavá and Ketédn was that Kavá's camp was a "different" camp and Ketédn was an outsider. Although Pandjumbúgn was inflamed because he had been deprived of his two wives by the return of their supposedly dead husband, it is also clear from the story that he was also an outsider in Yokégn's family. There is no safe haven for anyone in Kaingáng society outside the limits of his own extended family. The two basic groups in the drama are the offspring of Yokégn and those of Kuikégn. Ketédn got into trouble among the offspring of Kuikégn, and Pandjumbúgn met his doom among Yokégn's. Pandjumbúgn's fate is all the more arresting in view of the bond that existed between him and Yokégn. Yokégn had rescued Pandjumbúgn from starvation and then saved his child from drowning. When Pandjumbúgn, urged by impulses that he could no longer resist, tried single-handed to annihilate Yokégn and his entire family, Yokégn again stepped in to rescue this obsessed man from death. Yet Pandjumbúgn did not want the safety the pacific Yokégn offered him, and he was killed by the hand of his benefactor.

This story contains a number of the elements of demand and acquiescence that are so crucial in Kaingáng society. In spite of his anger Ketédn gave an axe to Padnmbá's wife when she asked him for it; Yokégn sprang into the swollen river to rescue Pandjumbúgn's wife and child when he

[88] The original male ancestor of one of the extended families. See Chapter VI, p. 51.

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was asked, and Yokégn and his offspring attended the festa given to Kuikégn and his sons even though they knew that it was part of a plan to slaughter them. Another aspect of this state of mind is Thangglé's silent consent to Chantágn's theft of her meat. All she dared do was lie mumbling to herself and to call Chantágn a fool under her breath.

When the lost Ketédn at last wandered back to his father-in-law's camp he was greeted not by solicitous inquiries after his health or by curiosity about his adventures but by "You threw away my children!" Neither the dead nor the recently returned from the dead are beyond the reproach of desertion.

The constructive aspect of *waikayú* is seen in Yokégn's fear of starving because of the ridicule it would bring on him: he had boasted much but might at last die by starvation, a ridiculous death indeed for one who thought so much of himself! He must, therefore, make a great effort to save himself and to justify his great self-esteem. The disruptive aspect of *waikayú* appears in Yuplú's attack on Yokégn and his offspring. "You were *waikayú* because of your father's instruction," cries Yokégn. If we examine the behavior of the principal actors in this drama we can perceive two more characteristics of the *waikayú* individual: he perseveres in the face of great odds, and he continues in spite of the pacific demonstrations of other people. Pandjumbúgn, Kuikégn, and Yuplú, the most disruptive individuals, decidedly *overestimated* their own abilities. In Kuikégn we can see again the operation of the compulsive guilt-projection cycle: because he wished to kill Yokégn he believed that Yokégn desired to kill him. It was partly through the wakefulness of Yokégn's wife that he was not killed the first night he camped with Kuikégn. Sleeplessness is a great virtue among the Kaingáng.

Kaklíli, the only feminine figure of any importance in the story, is a confused and even pitiable person. All she receives for her efforts to keep her husband from committing murder is repeated beatings, and in spite of her eagerness to prevent trouble she is the one who eventually precipitates it and finally causes her husband's death by giving him a weapon to fight with. Had he been weaponless they might have seized him and dissuaded him as they did his two sons. Throughout all the feud stories, historical or fanciful, one cannot escape the conclusion that the Kaingáng women were driven helplessly on by the obsessive resentment-anger-guilt-fear behavior of their men.

The literary style of this story is excellent. In its apparently un-self-conscious way it has plot, heroes, and swift and exciting action. This is characteristic of most of the Kaingáng murder stories. In some primitive cultures the whole literary interest is apt to center around the personality of the story teller, for he combines the loose literary content of his culture

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into ever new patterns as he uses old material in any variety of combinations to suit his fancy. But among the Kaingáng every murder story is a complete unit that must not be tampered with. To put part of one tale into another would be like putting a chapter of *Alice in Wonderland* into *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Stories like the third above, even when they are much longer,[20] give the impression of being completely unplanned, but nevertheless there must be among the Kaingáng a definite feeling for drama that centers around some succession of events with an intelligible beginning and an esthetically satisfying end. It is this feeling that determines the selection of incidents in them.

The general type of motivation and incident—anger, revenge, the taking of other men's wives, festa murder—appear in all of the murder tales. But the particular context in which they come into play is different in each. Every tale is oriented about a different plot, and incidents other than those mentioned are various. The great value of the murder tales lies in the innumerable revealing insights they give into the operation of Kaingáng culture. For the Kaingáng themselves it is somewhat different. They derive obvious pleasure from the incidents of violence, enjoying the details of every blow and drop of blood. But they too like to follow out the varied plots, without which the stories would be monotonous. Unlike the ethnologist, they are little interested in the discovery of motivations and causes. The mere succession of incidents is enough for them, and they are swept along by the excitement of the events and eager anticipation of what is to come next.

Tales of Animals and Supernatural Beings

For the first tale of this type I have purposely chosen an extreme example—a story which, more than any other of its sort seems to reflect a little of the mood of the murder tales. But even in this legend of the war of the animals it will be seen that in spite of the fact that it opens with a festa which develops into a slaughter, the general tone is quite different from that of the murder story, and there is no elaboration of the various details of the Kaingáng psychic structure with which we are familiar. Thus, although at first blush my selection of this tale would seem to impair my general thesis of the lack of relationship of the animal and supernatural tales to the intimacies of Kaingáng life, actually it does not.

[20] I have a tale five times as long as that of Yokágn and Kuklágn which took days in the telling but which, in each version I received, begins with the same incident and marches steadily through the same plot and incidents.

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4. The War of the Animals

●539 The tiger was sitting next to the deer at the animals' festa. The ounce was sitting next to the tapir, the great hawk next to the porcupine, and the *hovo*[40] next to the armadillo.

Now when the deer began to sing Tiger said to him, "Look here, you're singing about me!" But the deer said: "I'm singing this way: 'Deer, your anus.' That's what I was singing." Then Tiger said to him: "You sang about me, and you sang: 'Tiger, *djõ ve vẽ*,[41] Tiger, *djõ ko tų wandõ*'[41]— that's what you sang. Now then, [sing]: 'Deer, your anus. The place of defecating is the base of a tree. *Chą kla pi lõ.*'"[41] That is what Tiger said to Deer.

Then as Deer danced around, Tiger seized him. At the same time Ounce seized Tapir and dragged him off, and as they struggled Tapir threw Ounce off and ran away. In the meanwhile Deer was lying in his camp site. Great Hawk seized Porcupine and killed him. Hóvo was going to seize Armadillo, but he entered the earth and escaped; he came out far away and ran off. Then Hóvo thrust his leg into [the hole] where Armadillo had entered, saying, *"Mbĩ tộ yũi mbĩ tộ yũi."*[42] But in the meanwhile he saw him come out far away from the place where he went in. Then he pursued him.

A woodpecker was piercing a hive [and Armadillo said to him]: "My *kõklá*, there's a fight on and I escaped. My *kõklá*, Hóvo is chasing me. When he comes here throw your axe into his mouth." That is what they[43] said to him. So Woodpecker put one of them at the base of the tree and covered him with earth and placed another in a basket which he stood on his thighs. Then he went on piercing the hive. In the meanwhile Hóvo came along their trail saying, *"Mbĩ tộ yũi, mbĩ tộ yũi,"* until he arrived beneath him. Then he said, "Have you seen my quarry?" To which he replied: *"Isu*, it's been quiet around here. They may have gone over that way, because you can hear their noise." So Hóvo went to look for their trail. When [one] Armadillo saw this he said to Woodpecker, "My *kõklá*, throw your axe into his mouth." When he heard that he slopped up some honey with tree hair[44] and said to Hóvo, "Eat some of my honey." So he went for something to put the honey in. When Hóvo saw it he said, "Sit

[40] A kind of tiger.

[41] These are meaningless syllables that carry the tune.

[42] Hóvo's way of saying that Armadillo is no good.

[43] We learn here for the first time that there were two armadillos.

[44] A green, moss-like growth on the limbs and trunks of trees. It is used for mopping up honey as it flows out of the comb.

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down[45] there for it. I am waiting open-mouthed down here with my people for the honey." Then he opened his mouth. Then the tree hair fell into his mouth and he swallowed it. Then Woodpecker wrapped the blade of his axe in some more tree hair and said to him, "Open your mouth." When he opened his mouth he threw it in, and it cut his windpipe. He fell in a heap. Then Armadillo said to Woodpecker, "Let me down." So he let him down. When they were all killed they [the armadillos] went away.

Chûlágn (a bird) tried to defend them. He went: *"Chûktú, chugn ve!* Let them alone! *Chûktú, chu ve!*[46] Let them alone!" At last Tekte[47] killed him.

Stories of battles among animals are common among the tribes of the New World. The general character of this tale could be duplicated in any number of groups. What is, perhaps, most typically Kaingáng in it is the festa setting and the peculiar seating arrangement—each animal next to the one he intends to murder. But here the specifically Kaingáng background fades. This tale would be at home in a large number of primitive communities, for it requires no unique cultural context. But the murder tales can be understood only in terms of Kaingáng culture and would be unintelligible outside its limits.

In spite of its resemblance to a feud tale—if men were put in place of the animals, the beginning would sound much like a feud brawl—the story of the war of the animals lacks the two motifs that give the murder tales their specific character: blood relationship and revenge. No animal tale contains them. In so far as this is, in part, a battle tale, the Kaingáng derive a certain pleasure from the fantastic struggle of the animals; but the murder theme is not developed. Porcupine's relatives never take revenge on Hawk, nor Hóvo on Woodpecker or Armadillo. It is a striking characteristic of the animal tales that only this one extends beyond three hundred [English] words. The reason for this is not hard to find. The Kaingáng have, in their murder tales, developed a literary form that is expressive of everything they feel deeply; and they have little need for other material.

As a second illustration of the animal and supernatural-being tales I have chosen a nightmare tale of Vêin.[48] Kaingáng literary expression is

[45] We can see by the use of the plural form of "to sit" that several people are involved here. In this and the succeeding sentence we discover for the first time that several Axeo are referred together.

[46] Informants did not know what this means.

[47] A hawk.

[48] See p. 71.

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devoted principally to the development of the death theme in various aspects. Among the tales treating of death are a number that deal with death caused by a tiger or by a supernatural monster. Where human beings are slain and devoured by supernatural beings or by tigers these creatures should be regarded as projections or hypostatizations of the great Kaingáng fear of death at the hands of vendetta enemies. In these tales the behavior of the attacking tigers or supernaturals parallels that of feud enemies, and the defence precautions taken are the same as those employed against enemy families. Like the warriors of "different" groups tigers and supernaturals strike and strike again; they pursue relentlessly and are satisfied only with total annihilation. And just as the Kaingáng run from their vendetta enemies or build protective fences around their encampments, so also they fly in terror from pursuing tigers and supernatural monsters or build fences to keep them off.

5. The Coming of Véin

The ancients saw Véin. Mumbégn's father's father saw him in the time when they still planted corn.

The women gathered it [corn] and were on their way back when they slept. They had no fire. Late at night Véin came for them. He came along flashing like a firefly,[49] and they spoke to him: "Let the one coming along with a torch of bamboo give some of it to me—I am lying here without fire." Then he came with his flame that was like burning bamboo. Then they made fire and stayed there and slept. Then he would lie down with a woman and copulate with his penis,[50] and her blood would come out. He copulated[51] with them all thus. He came to Chantágn at daybreak and copulated with her, and she almost died. She got up and ran off, and when she arrived [in camp] she said: "Some other thing that is like a man came with fire, and since we had none we asked for some, and he copulated with them all and they died. He copulated with me and I am dying." Then she fell and died. Then they all went off to some other men and told: "Some other *nggïyûdn*, the one that flashes, probably Véin, copulated with all the women." Then they made a fence. "He is coming behind you!" They finished the fence at night and waited for him. Next day they waited for him, and he pursued them. Late at night he was coming along after them. They were in a savannah. He reached the houses and circled them all with

[49] This refers to the way in which he gleamed, not to the size of the light.

[50] Since the verbs "to copulate with" and "to eat" are the same word, my informant found it necessary to make clear how the verb was to be understood in this context.

[51] The verb is, of course, the same as in the preceding sentence.

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his arms. "Who asked for my upper arm?"[82] said he. He was probably carrying a fire. He ate them all. Some people in another house escaped and went to another group and arrived there. "The one that flashes killed all the men." Then they dug a trench around the house. Next night late he came along through the savannah. "Who wants my upper arm?" Then he came and killed them all again. The people from two houses escaped. There was nothing to be done. They looped a pine[83] and climbed up. They made a house in the pine by putting earth on strips of wood. They hoisted the earth up in baskets. There were three pine trees.

Amendó was mourning for her relatives. Her relative Kíyi[84] heard her and became angry. Probably he had seen *nggïyúdn*. [He said,] "When I hear her suffering I become angry." Then he waited for Véin. Late at night he saw Véin coming. He circled the houses again and said the same thing. When he saw that they were empty he stopped. He walked about and at last he saw their fire in the tree. When he climbed up Kíyi went "Kx," which is the cry of the owl, and he [Véin] exploded like a fire and fell down.

They put the women in the basket and lifted them up in it.
Then they all came down.

In this story Véin, the inexorable pursuing nightmare, is the counterpart of the relentlessly vindictive extended families. One village after another flies before him only to be annihilated. The terror-stricken people even build a fence against him as the Kaingáng did against other extended families even after they had abandoned their village life. Not only supernaturals like Véin are conceived of in this human fashion, but tigers too are looked on as bloodthirsty creatures which, having struck once, desire to strike again until they have eaten everyone.

The scene of this story is laid in the ancient villages in the savannah, and the women are pictured as returning from the gardens laden with corn. They are unaccompanied by their menfolk—an excellent opportunity for an enterprising male. There are a few other stories in Kaingáng folklore that reflect this fear on the part of the men of the community that while the women are away gathering wood or drawing water they may be persuaded, and all too easily, into a sex adventure. Nevertheless there is no instance on record of a man who was so aberrant as to attempt to accompany his wife on one of her customary errands.

[82] The meaning is not clear. It may indicate that Véin had fiery arms, but he is not generally so described.

[83] Made a climbing-loop.

[84] *Kïyi*, simplified to Kiyi, is the name of an owl.

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An Origin Myth

539 The origins of things, people, and circumstances are explained in the series of myths that are used for *wainyêklâdn*, the myth-shouting game. The importance of these myths is primarily for this game, secondarily as a source of "explanations" whenever the Kaingáng feel moved to give any. For generations they have not been the bulwark of much that is vital in Kaingáng culture, but they contain echoes of things that may have been important at one time. The content of these myths is not very interesting either for us or for the Kaingáng. The incidents are confused and repetitious, and I have, therefore, abridged them where possible without impairing their value.

6. The Coming of the Groups[85]

Chuvái said to Chu,[86] whose other name is Chuvái, *"Yûgn*, since you are my *kôika kẽ*,[87] come in my road, which you like." Then I came in the road of *yûgn* Chuvái, which I liked, and came into his dance ground. Then we caressed one another and danced together. Now a *wangdjó*[88] whose name was Kíyi came down behind me and entered my dance ground. When I saw this I asked, "What man is this?" and the *wangdjó* whose name was Kíyi said, *"Ívu,*[89] I am *wangdjó,"* and I said: *"Hu ki mbó!*[89] Come in here and dance with me!" Whereupon the *wangdjó* whose name is Kíyi danced with me. I observed him and saw that he had no raiment, but nevertheless he danced with me. Then I approached him with my tied-up corn and suspended it from his upper arm, saying: *"Wangdjó* whose name is Kíyi, now then, swing your arms [in the dancing gesture] and dance with me. I am not *wangdjó*. You have no clothes, but dance with me." Then I danced with him.

In the meanwhile *wangdjó* whose name is Thekpopé came down after me and entered my dance ground. When I saw this I said, "What man is it?" and he replied, *"Ívu!* I am *wangdjó!"* Then I said, *"Hu ki mbó!* Come in and dance with me!" When I saw this I observed him and saw

[85] That is, the several divisions of people having different body-paint designs. See Appendix II.

[86] Mythological ancestors of the Kaingáng. In the origin myths it is often not clear just who is speaking.

[87] People having the same body-paint design as oneself.

[88] In the origin myths the Kaingáng are referred to as *wangdjó*. They, however, do not recognize it as a tribal designation. *Wangdjó* is also the word for the succulent top of the tapir's neck and for a supernatural monster. See p. 71. These meanings are all completely unconnected in Kaingáng thought.

[89] An exclamation.

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that although he had no raiment he was dancing with me. Then I said: 539
"By means of *wangdjó* I make a road for men. I have white cloth." So I approached him with some and put it on him. Then I said: "*Wangdjó* whose name is Thekpopé and Patá, now girdle your *yókiẽ*[60] with my cloth, my white cloth, and dance with me. I am not *wangdjó*. You have no clothes, but dance with me." Then I danced with him.

In the meanwhile his *yókiẽ* were all married off. When I saw this we caressed one another. Then I said: "Thus we are in-laws. Let us live in one house together. When we have been married a long time we will have one house only and divide our firewood into two fires close together." Then I danced with him.

[The same procedure is gone through with two more men, Klendó and Nuklágn. Then, abruptly.]

I danced along where Pathí cleared the earth before me. I entered my other dancing ground. When I heard that many men were coming I danced with fear.

In the meanwhile Pathí made a house over me of closely placed strips of wood. I split wood. I had nothing to split for the house that Pathí made over my head. Then I split young pine. Then after he built the house I prepared *matté* for the divining by belching. After I prepared it I was belching, when along came Pathí who was called Bad Mouth because of his good teeth. His father had died. Now I was divining by belching because many men were coming, and he stood outside. Then I stuck my head out of my big house and jerked him by the arm, saying: "Divine with me! Since many men are coming I am going to divine by belching. Divine with me!" Then I put the *matté* into his mouth and he vomited. When I saw this I pushed him out. Then I said to him: "By this see! Because your teeth are good you are called Bad Mouth, and your father died! Then you vomited the *matté* I was going to drink because many men were coming."

Then I again divined by belching. After divining I stuck my head out of my big house, and I saw that men had already passed along the road of my *kóika kẽ* Wanyekí. The Brazilian Thugnhé had passed along; no-good Ndadnlé had passed along. Then I danced along after them and caught up to no-good Ndadnlé. Then I said, "What man is this?" Then no-good Ndadnlé remained silent. Therefore I thrust him to the side of the road of my *kóika kẽ* Wanyekí.

I was dancing along the road that Yognvái, whose other name is Pathí had cleared for me to the land he had seen, when no-good Ndadnlé behind me [said], "My name is Ndadnlé and Ndatúgn." But I paid no attention and went dancing along the road that Yognvái whose name is Pathí had

[60] Women having the same body-paint design as a man; hence women having the same design as Thekpopé.

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539 cleared to the land he had seen, when there was the road of dangerous Nevó crossing the road of my *kóika hẽ* Wanyekí. There the Brazilians in passing had chopped down trees, blocking Nevó's road.

I went dancing along through the field to the base of Hawk Mountain where live many men. I arrived there. In the meanwhile Black Water of the good teeth came down after me and entered my dance ground. Then I said, "Black Water of the good teeth, you may enter, but all our people are married, including the young girls." Then Black Water became angry because of the women and wanted to go away. When he went away he said, "If you stay here and live together I'll come after you to cut you to bits." When he said this he went away, but I remained dancing at the base of Hawk Mountain among the many people.

[This is repeated with two other men, Chuvái and Kothá. Then the story goes on:]

I remained at the base of Hawk Mountain waiting for my *kóika hẽ*, Black Water. Then Black Water of the good teeth came along after me and arrived at the base of Hawk Mountain. Then I said: "Black Water of the good teeth, come here. I have been waiting for you to do battle." Black Water had for a long time wanted to scatter the men at the base of Hawk Mountain, and at last he put a *pepõbm* [bird] among them and scattered the people.

I did not see which way Black Water went. Then I entered the forest and was dancing when *yûgn* Chu, whose other name is Chuvái, came down after me and entered my dance ground. Then I said to him: "Black Water wanted to put a *pepõbm* among the people at the base of Hawk Mountain, and he did so, scattering them. Then I entered the forest, and here I am."

Then I looked and saw Kukuvá's gourd in the field across from me. Then I went dancing toward it. I wanted to taste some [beer], but I was afraid. Kukuvá was in the field, and I invited him and exchanged rattles with him. I wanted to taste some of Kukuvá's beer, but I was afraid; so I took some feathers of the tucan and put them on my rattle.

That is what they do, then they stop.

The fundamental confusion in which the Kaingáng have been living for generations is shown in the contradictory behavior toward *kóika hẽ* and *yõktẽ*. One's *kóika hẽ* are, according to the theoretical scheme, one's closest relatives. One cannot marry one's *yõktẽ*, for that would be incest; and all one's *kóika hẽ* are called by a kinship term indicating close relationship. These are theories which, although they may reflect historical fact, have not been practised for at least two hundred years. In the origin myths we not only find men committing "incest"—for Chuvái marries his own

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yôktĕ in this myth—but actually fighting with their own *kôika hĕ:* the nameless speaker in the myth fights with his *kôika hĕ* Black Water. Kothá and Chuvái, two men the speaker calls by the kinship term *yâgn,* threaten to cut him to bits.

It is somewhat different in those instances in the myths where relationships through marriage have actually been achieved. The bridegrooms are pictured as sharing their property with the men of the other group and then caressing them and lying down beside the same fire. In a way this mythological behavior reflects the actual situation in Kaingáng society, but it is also in contradiction to the real state of affairs, for the relatives by marriage with whom one has one's strongest bond in contemporary Kaingáng society are members of the *same* group—a group which is closely knit together already by consanguineal and affective ties. Relatives by marriage on the other hand, no matter of what degree, are ruthlessly slaughtered if they are members of another extended family. In the myths marriage relationships are between *groups* of people, but what Kaingáng society is actually interested in is marriage ties between *individuals.* Thus the situation described so touchingly in the myth is either idyllic or antique; probably both—it is not real.

There is another important contradiction of everyday affairs in the mythological relationships. In the myth *kôika hĕ* are pictured as fighting, as in the battle between the speaker and Black Water, while in-laws are described as living in sweet harmony. Now since, theoretically, *kôika hĕ* are blood relatives, this means that blood relatives fight while in-laws love one another. But the more stable relationships in Kaingáng society are between blood relatives, not relatives by marriage.

Corn is a frequently recurring element in Kaingáng myths, and we meet it again in this myth in the reference to the ears of corn suspended from the arms of the dancers. The Kaingáng say that anciently they used to suspend ears of corn from their arms and dance holding their arms bent at the elbow and moving them up and down in time to the music. The Kaingáng women still dance that way, but without the corn.

Pathí is a character developed further in other origin myths. He was a young man with an enormous appetite, and his father fell from a tree which he had climbed in search of food for him; this was the origin of death. The possession of good teeth is a sign of aberrance and malevolence among these people who have such poor dentition. A mouthful of teeth is also an indication of insanity. Two of the evil characters in this myth, Pathí and Black Water, are spoken of as having good teeth.

The type of house referred to has not been built by the Kaingáng for two hundred years or more.

It is curious that the teller of the story should have asked Pathí to divine

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537 with him, for divining by belching, *vayú*, is a solitary affair nowadays; and it is even said that if anyone sees the diviner while he is seeking an augury he will not be able to perform.

No one was able to explain to me what the reference to the *pepõbm* meant.

Thus the small details as well as the general movement of the myth have little reference to the material, sociological, or psychological realities of contemporary Kaingáng life; nor is this story of the coming of the groups a collection of nostalgic memories of a golden age.

They carry the basket with the bones and go to another place to bury them. They carry a long stick, leaning on it, [and they sing:]

1) *nde te tę ve*
what carry
2) *nde te tę ve*
what carry
3) *vẽ ma la nyakthó te tę ve*
look you sun faeces carry
4) *vẽ ma la yudn yó klam tę ve*
look you sun come out place under

Since the words are in perfect syntactic order the obvious translation is:

Line (1) What is being carried?
(2) What is being carried?
(3) Look, you. Sun's faeces are being carried.
(4) Look, you. Under the place where the sun emerges.

I have no explanation of the significance of this song. Klendó said that they sing the song "that it should be light [in weight] and that the people should not slip.

"They sing this song because they are afraid they will die. They are afraid they will slip—a person who is about to die will fall, but one who will live to old age does not fall. If there are many of them they do not sing this song, but if there are few they sing. After carrying the bones they wash themselves with clay and rub themselves with stones. They all do this, not only the one who carries the bones. [They say,] 'I am going to be like the old stone—I am never going to die.' They do not bury the bones in the place the person died—it is not good."

As they walk along they cut *nggign* (fern) repeatedly and throw it away. "They carry it [*nggign*] so that the carrying of our bones should be no more.[88] It is to rub out the sweat caused by carrying the basket. . . . At last they pound the *nggign* and wash themselves [with the titrated sap]."

When they reach the spot where they intend to bury the bones the ground is cleared, and hole dug and lined with fern, the bones and the basket placed in the hole, and a little house erected over the grave by the women.

[88] It is clear from the phraseology and from the general ideology of death ceremonies that this is a way of severing contact with the dead. The precise symbolism, however, eludes me. *Nggign* is a fern with a short (about four feet), woody, extremely thorny trunk that grows exclusively on heavily wooded hillsides. Besides its function in death ceremonies it is used to ferment beer. When titrated it produces a deep red juice.

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764 "When they burn a man or woman they throw away their firebrands after the burning and make a new fire with a fire drill, for if they remained beside the old fires they would die—it was the fire by which the dead used to sleep."

Keening

765 The Kaingáng mourn in a rhythmic chant heavily interspersed with sobbing and snuffling. When a number of people come together at a death they all keen, but most of the keening throughout the year is done by individuals who start to think about their dead relatives and burst into tears. Keening is most commonly heard in the very early morning or evening, when the Kaingáng have nothing to do and it is not yet time for a meal. Nevertheless people may start to keen at any time at all and wherever they may be. Although the Kaingáng feel that it is respectful toward the dead to weep and are scornful of those who do not, they do not particularly select large crowds to weep in. The lusty voices of the Kaingáng carry wonderfully in the cool air before dawn or after sunset, and I have heard them as much as a quarter of a mile away. In a small camp it would be unnecessary for them to raise their voices so in order to be heard, but nowadays when the settlement stretches for half a mile on both sides of the river a powerful voice has its advantages. To me this mourning was always unintelligible, but anyone who has ever tried to understand a sobbing person in our own society will understand that my difficulties were not simply linguistic. The only way I could obtain texts was through informants. The chants thus obtained are a good sample of the general drift of the occasional keening, but since they were not uttered under the influence of emotion and were not taken down while the individuals were actually mourning they lack somewhat the variety of the "natural" product and are greatly reduced in length. Nevertheless they are faithful.

During the very early part of my stay I heard Anggló keening at a festa, and with the help of my interpreter, who gave me snatches of what she said with the interpretation, I managed to record a great deal.

Anggló's Chant

765 I am weeping. I forgot my daughter's[26] name and now I am remember-
53 ing. I loved[27] her much, and now I can love her no more. I desire very
● much to see her again. She used to call me mother. Before my daughter died she wept much. I desire to see my daughter today. My father[28] always provided food for me, but now I am hungry; that is why I am weeping.

[26] Anggló had one child who died.
[27] *Ka ifñ nya.*
[28] Now she begins to mourn for her father.

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765 I am always bewailing my father. Before he died he suffered much. I
539 thought that my father was alive, but he is dead. I always forget my father,
but now I am remembering him. My father had many relatives, but I alone am weeping for him. I feel like weeping all day long for my father. He used always to get food for me. I wish to see him. I weep all day long for my daughter. When my father was alive I used to call him "father," but now I cannot. He always gave me food. I pity him. My father loved me much, but he left me and went away. I am forgetting my father a great deal. He suffered much. I desire to see my daughter who called me "mother." Before she died she called me "mother." My father used always to bring food for me, and now I wish to see him. My father died and never remembered me. My father died, and now I pity him. I am suffering because of my daughter. I cannot sleep because I am always thinking of my daughter. Whenever I eat I do not forget my daughter. She is there now [where she died, at the Post].

Kulá's Chant[29]

I am remembering my mother.[30] I want to call her mother. I am remembering my mother. I am the one who called her mother, but now it is all over. I am remembering my mother. When my mother would look at me she would remember that my father had seen me and she would weep—now that is all over. I am remembering my mother. I and my children used to call my mother mother—that is all over. I am remembering my mother. I want to see my mother. When my father would return after leaving me he would think of how I suffered, and he would weep. Grandmother, whose name I bear, would think of my sickness and suffering.

Kundídn's Chant

One of my *nyo*[31] would see my brother and me suffering, and she would come to us to weep. I suffered with him. My brother and I had no father; so he and I wept for my children. He and I suffered. I want to see my father.

Kundídn has lost all her nearest relatives—husband, parents, brothers, sisters, and four of her five children—and it is probable that if she had continued longer she would have mentioned her mother.

[29] This and the succeeding chants were obtained from informants. Kulá is Anggló's sister, but this chant was recorded eight or nine months after Anggló's, when their mother had died of the grippe. Kulá lost one baby many years ago—apparently she had stopped mourning for it.

[30] Literally, "I am remembering what mother looked like."

[31] See Appendix II.

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Kuthúgn's Chants

I. For His Mother

Mother saw me and mourned every night. I was suffering. I forget what she looked like. I was hungry. I forget what she looked like. I forget what she looked like. I suffered. I forget what she looked like. I suffered. I am always weeping but I never see her. I forget her.

II. For men

Nyungnyén shot things for me. I suffered. I forget what he looked like. I used to wander about with *nyungnyén*, and he loved me. I used to go about with him, and I forget what he looked like. I forget what he looked like. *Nyungnyélé*[32] and I suffered a great deal and I forget him. I forget what he looked like. [Then he sings:] *e ko yo ho nei mo ko ma ve yo na ta ko ma chudn ve yo ne ta ko ma chudn ve.*[33] I suffered with *nyungnyén* a great deal and I forget what they looked like. I attacked other men with *nyungnyén*. I used to shoot things with them. I forget what they looked like.

Klendó's Chants[34]

I. For His Wife

I do not see my wife. Will I see her? I go with my wife. I do not see her.

II. For His Mother

I do not see my mother. Will I not see my mother? I forgot my mother.

III. For Véye (Who Died a Few Weeks Ago)

I do not see *nyungnyélé*. I do not hear *nyungnyélé* call me *yûgn*.

IV. For a Father's Brother

I do not see *yûgn*. I forget what *yûgn* looked like. *Yûgn* lived in me.

V. For a First Cousin Once Removed

I do not see *nyungnyén*. Will I see another who looks like her? I do not see her.

Vomblé's Chants

I. For His Relatives

My relatives shot things for me, and now I and my children are suffering.

[32] The term *nyungnyélé* is a form of *nyungnyén* that occurs only in mourning chants.
[33] This song has no meaning.
[34] These and the chants of Vomblé were recorded while they were my informants.

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II. For His Father

My father used to set food before me, and my children and I ate it; and now my children and I are suffering. My father would weep when he saw me because of my mother's having seen me.[85] Now when I am suffering I think o[illegible]ther's face.[86]

III. For His Mother

I and mother had no *yágn*,[87] and I got nothing for her for a long time.[88] Since she left me I have no mother.

IV. For Véye (Who Died a Few Weeks Ago)

My *klą*[89] came to where he had seen me, and I had forgotten him. My *klą* and my many relatives shot things for me. My *klą* and I have no father. I am remembering his face and his leaving me.

To the Kaingáng these are all tender chants of remembering, forgetting, and regret, and they are striking for the complete absence of any elements of fear. So, too, there is only one resentful expression—in Anggló's chant where she says, "My father died and never remembered me." It is curious that the Kaingáng, who desire less than anything on earth to see their dead relatives, should express in their mourning chants a desire to see them. The chants of Klendó and Kuthúgn, with their monotonous reiteration of "I forget what he looked like" and "I do not see him" may be pure and simple expressions of their horror of seeing the dead again rather than elliptical statements which might be completed: "I forget what he looked like, he has been so long dead; and how sorry I am."

The chants of the three women are of the occasional type, i.e. of the type chanted whenever the mood comes on one, whereas those of the three men are of the type uttered at funerals.

While I was among the Kaingáng the women did much more keening than the men. The Indians, however, could not be made aware of the fact that there was any difference between the amount of keening done by the women and that done by the men.

Death Songs (Ẽhžẽn)

The following songs may be sung as the funeral pyre is being ignited:

[85] His mother was dead.
[86] Literally, "his appearance."
[87] She had no father, and therefore he had no grandfather.
[88] Vanhkó's explanation: "I would go to look for meat and not find it."
[89] See Appendix II.

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I

a to na a wa lê hê nų yó né kê ya ma mbû vó yó
ta to na ha vâi kẽgn yâ nggâ kó yêyê ko yĩgn mbâ
ha yê kó yĩgn mbâ.

Vomblé said, "They do this so that the *kuplêng* will go. If they did not do this it would take the living away."

II

kĩ yẽ ų tǫ́ kó pando mê lêlê nya
kǫ̃i kĩ yẽ ha lêlê nya kų
kǫ̃i kĩ yẽ ų tǫ́ kó pando mêêlêlê nya kų
kǫ̃i kĩ yẽ lêlê nya

Vomblé explained: "They say to them that when they were alive they climbed trees.[40] Then they say '*ha ha.*' When the *kuplêng* hears this it goes off. If they did not sing this all the souls would come and live with the living, and then the living would go with them."

III

la kónang yukê[41] *pĩtpĩlĩ vadnvala*
la kõna yukê pĩtpĩlĩ vadn vala

"This song is sung so that the pyre may burn," said Klendó.

IV

1) *hẽi tǫ̃*[42] *vẽ hẽi tǫ̃ vẽ*
intact intact
sound
2) *vẽ ma la yudn*[42] *yõ klą tẽ*
3) *hẽi tǫ̃ vẽ hẽi tǫ̃ vẽ*
4) *vẽ ma la lãdn yõ klą tẽi tẽ*
look you sun down place
5) *tǫ́ vai tǫ̃ vẽ*

[40] The interpretation is clearly one of accommodation to what Vomblé feels to be the ethnologist's taste for interpretations. The song is made up of syllables some of which, though identical with meaningful elements in the Kaingáng language, have no conceivable meaning in the present context.

[41] The first five syllables have a general resemblance to what might be translated as "sun's eyebrows"; the two succeeding words might be translated as "ururú" (a bird) and "fever" respectively. Since, however, no explanation was vouchsafed by the informant and the reference is not clear, it seems best to reserve judgment.

[42] A predicating element.

[42] See p. 193.

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Vomblé said that they sing this song "so that the *kuplêng* will not be *vai* to them. [When they say sing] *hẽi tę̣ vẽ* they are saying that when it is burnt the bones will be intact." But he immediately added: "They never sing this song. They sing their real song," i.e. their personal songs. Klendó said that this song made the corpse *vai*. "Kangdádn sang this song, and that is why Patá did not burn. It has [a syllable]*vai*[44] in it—that is why." But then, on the other hand, he says, "When Patá's *kuplêng* heard this it probably became afraid and went away." Another interpretation of this song by the same informant is that "he is singing in order that there should be no *kumbẽdn* on the edge of the burning place where the sun comes up."

Klendó, who is usually silent when asked for interpretations of songs, thought that in line 4 the "place where the sun comes down" referred to the sun's being alive and red and that *tộ vai tę̣ vẽ* meant that the edge of the ashes [toward the west] is evil-omened.

Although Vomblé and Klendó give different interpretations of this song there is a general agreement between them. Both informants feel that the effect of the song will be to make things *hẽ*, sound, well, but Klendó feels that it also involves certain dangers because of the presence of the syllable *vai*.

The following are hair-cutting songs:

V

kaichá yâpĩ tẽ kó
wa ká na yó anggû kâi mó a nẽ
yangvẽ yukĩ kunẽ anẽ vavâ ho
anẽ vavâ kaichá yâpĩ tẽ kó
kaichá yâpĩ tẽ kó
wa ká na yó anggû kâi mbó anẽ
nang vẽ yókĩ ku nẽ anẽ va vâ ho
a nẽ vẽ há

This song has no meaning whatsoever.

VI

ụ nụ yómẽn ho lá wa
kĩ kẽ lá kalẽ hẽ
ụ nụ yómẽn hó lá wa
kuyo kaichó
ụ nụ yómẽ hó lá wa
kĩ kẽ kalẽ hẽ [and then repeat from the beginning]

[44] See line 3.

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765 539 This song has no meaning whatsoever. Said Vomblé: "This is our song of fear. He is afraid of her [the *thâpáya*]. He is singing for her husband's *kuplêng* to be afraid and go away."

Ceremonies for the Kôklá [Ceremonial Father,] and Mbē [Ceremonial Mother][45]

The Placenta and Umbilical Cord

846 When the child is born the placenta and the piece of the umbilical cord that was attached to the child are wrapped in medicinal herbs, placed in a little basket, and sunk in a stream, and a sharpened stick is forced through the basket to keep it from floating away. This is called by the term *páyú*, which means to steal or to conceal. *páyú* is done most usually by a brother of the mother and his wife. Through the series of rites that begin with the *páyú* of his umbilical cord the child is bound to his father's affinal relatives.

The Baby's Meal of Cooked Food (Yôgndêyê)

852 Soon after the child is born its ankles are wrapped loosely with about twenty turns of cord, its *patthêyê*,[46] foot cords, and these are kept on for two weeks or so. Then the father decides to make a *yôgndêyê* for his child, and he goes out hunting, with perhaps a brother-in-law to help him, and hunts intensively for a number of days to get together enough meat for a big feast. When the meat has been collected the *mbē* and *kôklá* as well as all the close relatives of the child's parents who happen to be around, together with friends, are invited to a feast, and while their guests dine the parents look on without eating. Were they to eat, the father would never be able to shoot game again.

These ceremonies are almost always conducted in high spirits unless the hosts are stingy, and then everyone is rather gloomy and there are secret grumblings afterward. Everyone sits down wherever he wants to, the more distant relatives keeping discreetly in the background and joining but mildly in the conversation, the in-laws acting as if they "belonged," pushing the pots around and dishing out the food. When everyone has eaten as much as he can, or as much as there is, the men start to sing and the baby's mother hastens to remove the *patthêyê*, and when they are all unwound the party wanders off, carrying with it the remains of the feast. Depending on the quantity of meat, the party may last from a half hour to an hour.

[45] The explanation of all these ceremonies for the child is that if they were not performed the child would die, that it would not grow up, or that it would dry up and die.

[46] "The *patthêyê* are put on so they may be taken off at the *yôgndêyê*."

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533 little melodic variety, and quite a number of songs are sung on one note. They gain their variety from the difference in the syllables and from the rhythmic patterning.

Men and women know the songs equally well, but men make more of a show. They sing to impress their sweethearts or prospective sweethearts; they sing at festas; they sing while they work; they sing in the quiet hour before dawn when they are lying awake under their coverings; they sing in the evening as they lie beside the fire squinting along an arrow to see if it is straight. They never sing in unison unless a group of young men are learning from an older man at a festa. Generally when the Kaingáng learn a song they listen attentively while it is being sung and then go off and practice alone. I never suspected that the Kaingáng youngsters who heard my Apache Indian songs knew them until I asked them to sing for me. Then they sang them without a mistake. It was the same with North American myths that I told. They would ask me to repeat the same myth until at last they corrected *me* when I left something out. But before that they had never given a sign that they already knew them.

The name of some man who is supposed to have made it up in the very beginning is attached by tradition to each song. Anyone may learn from anyone at all. From Vomblé I got the impression that there were a limited number of songs and that very few were composed anew, but I had no opportunity to confirm my impression.

I give below an analysis of the lyrics of the first ten stanzas of one song.

Padnmbâ's Song[2]

I

533 (1)	*nẽ yõ vudn vudnẽ ka la ye nya yugn lẽ yõ mba tõgn mẽ*[3]	a
534 (2)	*nẽ yõ vân vũ nẽ ka la ye nya yugn lẽ yõ mba tõgn mẽ*	a
(3)	*nẽ yõ vân vu ne ka la yem*	a—
(4)	*a tõ ẽng mu lo ne a teng dje to va ka kle to to me*	b
(5)	*nẽ yõ vân vudne ka la yem*	a—
(6)	*a tõ ẽng mo lo ne a teng dje to va ka*	b—
(7)	*nggóyo cho me*	c
(8)	*neyõ vân vu ne ka la yem*	a—

Interpretation: "Probably: when the ancients came out [there was] the smoke of their fires." This interpretation is derived from the first five syllables of line 1, which are frequently repeated in somewhat modified form throughout the song. *Néyõ vudn vulu*, in Kaingáng, means "smoke."

[2] I.e. song of the mythical Padnmbâ as sung by Vomblé.

[3] The division is merely to assist in comparison of lines. For meaning of symbols see p. 204.

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II	
(1) *a yugn nẽ kẽgn yẽ to un vẹ*	a(x) 533 539
(2) *a yugn nẽ kẽgn yẽ*	a
(3) *na tobm nat kãlã wanyékó*	b
(4) *te to vãi mẽ pó*	c
(5) *tu tẹ́ yẽbm*	d
(6) *nyékĩ klą nẽ ya*	e
(7) *tẽ to vãi mẽ pó*	c
(8) *pi tẹ́ yĩm lok tẹ́ yẽ a tã kẽ*	f
(9) *tu tẹ́ yẽ*	d
III	
(1) *a vẹ tã va*	a(x)
(2) *a ve tu ve*	a(y)
(3) *a kĩ nya*	b
(4) *a vẹ kã a yó ve na vẹ tų kã yó yã a kĩm*	c
(5) *a kó nyang ve*	d
(6) *a kó nyang ve*	d
(7) *a vẹ kã a yo ve na wẹ tų kã yó yã kĩm*	c
(8) *a kó nyang ve*	d
(9) *a kó nyang ve*	d
(10) *a kĩ nyam*	b
IV	
(1) *a tẹ́ lugn ve yã mu nya*	a(u)
(2) *a tẹ́ lugn ve yã mų*	a(v)
(3) *ye tẹ́ lugn ve yã mų kã*	a(w)(x)
(4) *yãgn ndõ ye tẹ́ a ve na vẹ tų nẽ tẹ́k tų*	b(y)
(5) *lugn vẹ kó yó hẽm kã*	a—(z)
(6) *yãgn ndõ*	b
(7) *yi nẽ ang djã kaichã ku pan hẽm õgn ve lõ kã*	c
(8) *yãgn ndõ*	b
(9) *yi nẽ ang djã kaichã kupan hẽm*	c
(10) *yãgn ndõ*	b
(11) *yi nẽ ang djã kaichã ku pan hẽm*	c

Interpretation: "Probably they made their bird arrows [*ndõ*, lines 4, 6, 8, and 10] of pine knots [*kaichã*, lines 7, 9, and 11], and they are telling about it."

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V

533	(1) *vêle vẹ́*	a
539	(2) *amblīgn nẹ́ tẹ́ wa*	b
	(3) *vêlẹ́ vedn vêlẹ́*	a
	(4) *naichą́ nyẹ́kī*[4] *klą nẹ́ ya ti yõ kle ko tų to*	c
	(5) *amblīgn nẹ́ tẹ́ wa*	b
	(6) *vêlẹ́ vedn vêlẹ́*	a
	(7) *naichą́ mǫ́klẹ́*[4] *klą nẹ́ ya ti yõ kle ko tų to*	c
	(8) *amblīgn nẹ́ tẹ́ wa*	b
	(9) *vêlẹ́ vedn*	a

Interpretation: "Probably something was shot [*yõklẹ́*, somebody's hunting prize, lines 4 and 7] and they did not eat, [*ko :ų*, lines 4 and 7]. They left it. Probably Nyekī [line 4] is joking with him and telling him about his camp [*nẹ́yą́*, lines 4 and 7]."

VI

	(1) *ẽng wai nyẹ́ tẽ la ha nų kẽ*	a
	(2) *nyẹ́kī*[5] *klą nẹ́ ya ti yõ kle kẽ lãgn*	b
	(3) *wai ve lo tẹ́ nẹ́*	c
	(4) *ẽng wai nyẹ́ tẽbm*	a—
	(5) *ẽng wai nyẹ́ tẽbm la ha nų kẽ*	a
	(6) *kanggẽi*[5] *klą nẹ́ ya ti yõ kle kẽlãgn*	b_1
	(7) *wai ve lok tẹ́ nẹ́*	c
	(8) *ẽng wai nyẹ́ tẽbm la ha nų kẽ*	a
	(9) *kĩyitẽ*[5] *klą nẹ́ ya ti yõ kle kẽ lãgn*	b_2
	(10) *wai ve lok tẹ́ nẹ́*	c
	(11) *ẽng wai nyẹ́ tẽbm*	a—
	(12) *ẽng nų hų yẽ*	d
	(13) *ẽng wai nyẹ́ tẽbm*	a—

Interpretation: "Probably when they joke with him they say, 'The animal you shot [*a*, your; *yokle*, hunting prize, lines 2, 6 and 9] is no good [*kulagn*, lines 2, 6 and 9]. When I eat it I get diarrhea and my insides become dry.'" References to diarrhea (*chukchẽyu*) and dry internal organs (*ndju kenggẽ*) do not appear in this song.

VII

(1) *lugn mõ kẽ yõ kõ yõ kẽ*	a
(2) *lugn mõ kẽ yõ kõ yõ kẽ*	a

[4] Male personal names.
[5] Male personal names.

scores		203
(1) *kagru mã kẽ yõ kẽ yõ kẽ*	a	533
(2) *kagru mã kẽ=u*	a—	539
(3) *a tẽ nĩ ku vã wa ku va ve kã vã wa*	b	
(4) *kagru mã kẽ=u*	a—	
(5) *a tẽ a tẽ nĩ kẽ nyang mãi ve ve kã vã wa*	b_1	
(6) *kagru mã kẽ yõ kẽ yõ kẽ*	a	
(7) *kagru mã kẽi yõ kẽ yõ kẽ*	a	
(8) *kagru mã kẽ ko kẽ=u*	a—	

Interpretation: "Probably: they came along and camped." The only reference to camping I can discern is the syllable *nĩ*, which really means, "One person camps" [lines 5 and 7].

VIII

(1) *yõ nyu a tẽ tĩ ye tẽ a ko kẽ yõ mẽ*	a
(2) *wui ve yõ mẽ*	b
(3) *a ynagu nãĩ yãgu mẽ*	c
(4) *wui ve yõ mag*	b
(5) *kẽ ku mãi kãi kẽ ku mãi kãi kẽ ko mãi kãu*	d
(6) *yõ nyu a tẽ tĩ ye tẽ a kẽ ko yõ mag*	a
(7) *wui ve yõ mag*	b

IX

(1) *ang dju kĩ kĩ kdiaggégu kĩ pe wuĩ ndjĩ na yõ*	a
(2) *ang djõ mu ak tĩ nõ a you wui ndjĩ nade nĩ*	b_1
(3) *ang dju kĩ kĩ kdiaggégu kĩ pe wui ndjĩ na yõ*	a
(4) *ang djõ mu ak tĩ nõ a yo wui ndjĩ nade nĩ kẽ wa*	b
(5) *wui ndjĩ nade ve kẽ wa*	b—

Interpretation: "I don't know. Probably they were watching for him [*a*, him; *yõ*, for; *kĩkĩ*, look or watch]; watching for him to come along. Probably they mean *kdiaggégu mãĩgu awandjĩ wa* [the big man laughs]. Probably he joked." (See line 1, *kdiaggégu* etc.)

man large laugh

X

(1) *nãn ko kẽ*	a
(2) *ang nãn kẽ kẽ mãi*	b
(3) *dag nyu mẽ*	c
(4) *ang nãn ko kẽ=u*	b
(5) *yõ nã*	c

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538	(6) *nẽ yẽ mbõ na e ye lo tobm*	d
539	(7) *yõ võ nẽng mõ ve yõ võ ma yõ võ vebm*	e
	(8) *ndo ko kẽ*	a
	(9) *ndo ko kẽi*	a
	(10) *ang ndo ko kẽ mbõ*	b
	(11) *ẽng nya mõ*	c
	(12) *nas kã lãi*[*] *wanyẽkõ*[*] *te to*	f
	(13) *yõ võ nẽng mõ ve yo võ vem*	e—

Interpretation: "Probably he became ill from something and they carried him." The whole interpretation is derived from the syllable *te* which appears for the first time in line 12. *te* is the participial form of the verb meaning "to carry on the back."

Little can be done with song analysis without phonographic recording; nevertheless I have analyzed the lyrics of the ten stanzas given, with the object of discovering whether the syllables follow a specific form. Each song has at least two definite syllabic patterns which are repeated over and over again, but the arrangement of the patterns does not follow any order except a general kind of alternation with other patterns. In the analysis below, each syllabic pattern has been marked with one of the first seven letters of the alphabet. When the pattern is repeated with something left out a minus sign is placed after the letter: b—, when the pattern is repeated with some modification it is marked with an inferior number: a_1. Occasional syllables which occur at the beginning or end of well-defined patterns but which are not repeated when the pattern is repeated have been indicated by one of the last six letters of the alphabet placed in parentheses: a(v).

The following schema shows the arrangement of syllabic patterns in the ten stanzas:

(1) aaa—ba—b—ca—
(2) a(x)abcdecfd
(3) a(y)bcddcddb
(4) a(u)a(v)a(w)(x)b(y)a—(z)bcbcbcbc
(5) abacbacba
(6) abca—ab$_1$cab$_1$ca—a—
(7) aaaa—ba—b$_1$aaa—
(8) abcbdab
(9) abablb—
(10) abcbcdafaabcfe

[*] Male personal names.

[For Caingang texts, see category 116, pp. 175(B) - 218 (B).]